

UnDetermined

by Inuyashagirl7692

Category: Undertale
Genre: Hurt-Comfort
Language: English
Characters: Frisk, Sans
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2016-04-10 17:23:14
Updated: 2016-04-10 17:23:14
Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:31:34
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,021
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: After leaving the Ruins a second time, Frisk decides they don't want to be Determined, anymore.

UnDetermined

The cold gray stone is hard and unforgiving against your shoulder blades, the coarse grain plucking and pulling at your sweater every time you shift. The snow you're sitting on has soaked through the bottoms of your shorts, chilling you, but soon you won't feel the cold, and you can wait.

You didn't know how to be patient before, you were too scared of the monsters with their big teeth and their scales and their claws to do much more than lash out in a panic. And by the time you realized that not all of them wanted to hurt you, that some of them were just as scared of you as you were of them and didn't want to fight, you weren't scared anymore. You were having too much fun.

It was strange to see the smiling face of the woman whose dust had coated the palms of your hands and grayed your hair once before. She'd greeted you like she'd never met you before, ready to love you and care for you as though you were her own child, but you didn't deserve that. Not after what you did to her, to everyone.

You had to leave.

This time when she attacked you, you didn't fight back. Nor did you try to dodge her fire magic, closing your eyes as the searing heat stripped away at your life, knowing you deserved all of the pain she inflicted on you.

But before the stress on your SOUL could tear it in two, the volley slowed. It stopped. And she let you go.

The urge to tell her about the terrible things you've done welled up

inside, but then suddenly you were safe in her healing embrace, wrapped up in her arms as she pressed her muzzle against your cheek, and your throat closed over the words.

Soon, you'd be just another ghost that Toriel would be forced to live with, a regret for her to carry as your face joined the many other faces of lost children she would never see again. Yes, she'd be lonely without you, but at least she'd be alive.

**"hey, kiddo? you'll freeze if you stay out here too long." **

You blink sluggishly, as though coming out of a daze. That voiceâ€¦ You look up to see the skeleton from the golden hallway, and your heart plummets in your chest. A huge gasp of frigid air burns your lungs, resulting in a racking coughing fit. When it's finally done, you're trembling.

There's a quiet thud as the skeleton plops down next to you, leaning close so the warmth emanating from his clothes tingles your skin. Your brow furrows as your brain tries to make sense of that, but your body no longer cares about such things, and instinctively scoots closer.

He's facing forward, probably to keep you from panicing again, as skeletal hand cloaked in blue magic curls around your fingers, soaking through your skin to melt the chill away. "***not to freak you out or anything, but i've been waiting to make my appearance for a while. when were you planning on moving forward?"**

You shake your head and croak, "Never."

He's quiet a moment as he reaches up to scratch the side of his skull, "***that so? never's a long time. sure you don't want to get a hot meal in you and think this through?"**

You frown, hugging your knees to your chest. You've already made your decision. It's useless for him to try to change your mind. No matter what happens, you're never going to hurt anyone, human or monster, ever again.

this isn't our first meeting, is it?" He already has everything figure out, you can tell, so you don't answer, and sure enough, he asks,***"what made you decide to reset?" **You lightly tap his jacket. **yeah? i kinda figured."** A low chuckle rumbles his ribcage as he grins with a blank gaze. "***even i get the chance to be cool now and thenâ€¦ how many times did I getcha?"**

"Dunno." Your voice still feels foreign in your mouth, thin and raspy like the wisp of an autumn breeze. "Lost count. A lot."

"â€¦do you regret it?" Now that he knows what you've done, that he's sitting next to a murderer, the quiet calm in his voice in his voice is throwing you off, but before you can gather up your thoughts and feelings enough to answer, he finds something in you, though you're not sure what, and relaxes. **heh. guess that's kind of a stupid question at this point."**

"well," he pauses, watching your expression as he weighs his words, ***"my brother'll be pretty disappointed if you stay here. he's always wanted to meet a human."**

He moves as if to stand, terrifying you in a way that doesn't make sense " you were more than ready to die alone before he showed up - and stops, settling back down against your side. He tells you he's going to stay with you until you fall asleep. The magic warming your body dulls down to a subtle, sleepy pulse. Over time, your lids begin to grow heavy, and you slump against him. He shifts to adjust to the weight of your head on his arm, then tentatively wraps an arm around your shoulders, holding you close as your heartrate _slows_â€|

And then you're jolting awake to find yourself on a bed with wrinkled sheets in a room you've never seen before. As he'll tell you later, Sans promised to protect you, and since he takes his promises very seriously, he informs you that you've been added to the list of possible dangers he's taken it upon himself to protect you from.

***"you're not dying today, kid. not like that. not on my watch."**

* * *

><p>AN: **For those interested, this fits with the Twintale story that I'm writing, as well.

End
file.